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MEMOIRS OF YOUTH. By GIOVANNI VISCONTI VENOSTA. Translated by WILLIAM PRALL. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The particular value, as well as the distinctive charm of Visconti Venosta's *Memoirs* lies in the fact that through self-revelation and the description of social groups they impart a singularly lively and vital understanding of the spirit that pervaded the Italian struggle for liberty throughout the period from 1847 to 1860. In all the profusion of intimate and even gossip detail which the narrative contains there is nothing that is really irrelevant to the time-spirit. Venosta, too, is at once an emotional and a logical thinker—that is, in his mind, enthusiasm, according to what is perhaps the natural sequence, seems always by a little to precede reflection, but is invariably followed and modified by a notable love of intellectual order and of practical reason. He is wholly rational, but never inhumanly analytical, and his temperament, engaging in itself, admirably reflects the spirit of the time of which he writes.

For coherence and picturesqueness the account of the Five Days—the expulsion of Marshal Radetzky and his Austrian troops from Milan in 1848—is remarkable, and it is enlivened by curious incidents such as a Victor Hugo might choose for their fictional and human value—the story, for instance, of how, during the excitement of the first uprising, Visconti Venosta and other perfectly sane persons unquestioningly obeyed for some time the orders of a madman, without in the least suspecting his crazed condition. But more deeply interesting than the Five Days are the ensuing ten years of passive resistance to Austrian rule—years during which “the Lombardo-Venetian provinces with Milan at their head gave an exhibition of how a country can exist separated from its rulers.” Throughout this period we seem actually to see the workings of those ideals and unselfish enthusiasms which in ordinary life play for the most part a submerged or invisible part. “The Five Days,” writes Visconti Venosta, “fill a splendid page of Milanese history, but he who studies the facts of our revival must conclude that, in the decade of resistance the Milanese wrote a yet more glorious page. It is easier far to be a hero in battle than to keep a brave heart during ten years of imprisonment.” Through a multitude of recorded acts, words, observations, the reader breathes in the atmosphere of tense hopefulness, of feverish conspiracy, of high-minded and sometimes quixotic patriotism.

With none of the three great leaders of the *Risorgimento*—Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour—was Visconti Venosta associated in any very close or personal way. He was, however, especially in touch with the policies of Cavour, of whom he gives a definite and consistent impression as a far-seeing statesman, at once moderate and audacious, and as truly “the great artificer of the new kingdom of Italy.” Toward Mazzini and the Mazzinian plottings his attitude is unprejudiced and indeed sympathetic; but, beginning with fervid faith, he, like others, at length lost his “illusion in regard to the people that Mazzini had taught us to place next to God,” and, wearying of too many vain enterprises, came to regard the idealist leader as a rather dangerous mischief-maker. Garibaldi figures in the narrative the least of the three, but we get a glimpse of him now and then, and we meet with one very interesting illustration of the extraordinary personal magnetism with

which even his simplest speeches were fraught—an illustration best given in Venosta's own words: "'Thank you, my children,' I heard him say one evening to a crowd that was making a demonstration before his window, 'thank you. I am tired, and it rains. Do you go to bed also. Good night to all.' A delirium ensued, and the people scattered, commenting upon the words of the general with tears in their eyes."

Although Visconti Venosta was, at the beginning of the period of which he treats, a mere youth, he was from the first an ardent patriot and a keen observer. Among his friends were some of the most active revolutionists, and his elder brother, Emilio, was in the thick of political plotting. The young man was, therefore, in a position to understand the motives behind events, while his social disposition and the interest in humanity which made him always curious to know "what was said and done during the chief events of history by that part of the public which has not the honor of being recorded in books," helped him to see into and appreciate all that went on. In the later years, especially, he himself did good service, helping to carry out in the Valtellina the policy of Cavour, who wished that the French "should find a country in insurrection and not seem to be the liberators of a submissive people."

The strongest final impression left by the *Memoirs* is that of the solidarity of the Italian people during the ten years of resistance. "There was no permanent conspiracy," Emilio Visconti Venosta told an Austrian minister, years after the struggle was over; "there were some especial ones, but they were of short duration, and were composed of but few persons. There was a great natural conspiracy of all"—an apt summing up of the whole matter.

FRENCH CIVILIZATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By ALBERT LEON GUERARD. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Embodying in a highly abstract form the results of a long-continued and profound study of later French history, M. Guerard's book, the outcome of a series of lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1913, is designed to interest the reader already well-versed in the general topic, and to guide the student desirous of extending and deepening his knowledge. The treatise is not an exposition, but a commentary. The author's original aim, he tells us, was to supplement the usual university courses in French literature, and this in part explains his method. He evaluates each period from that of Napoleon I to the present time with respect to its political temper, its social conditions, its culture, describing those intellectual influences that are common to life and literature.

M. Guerard reveals a brilliant power of descriptive generalization, but keeps clear of the dogmatism to which the faculty of seeing things in the abstract too commonly leads. In his introductory chapter he warns us against following too far any one theory—either that of environment or race or historic ethnography or collective psychology—in the interpretation of history. France, he points out, though she possesses a real geographical unity, includes within her territory an extreme variety of climates and aspects. As a people, too, the French are "a racial medley." There is no depth of meaning in such terms as "the Teutonic race, the Anglo-Saxon race, the Latin races." French unity is not of blood, but of